

Agent

-Look! You're the artist. You hafta figure out how, but you must change. I can't get you any work at present. And with year 3000 coming up...?

-Well I'm trying like hell but you know that I'm a clone. Of other clones, actually. The original me was born in the nineteen forties. Then the acting prototype was Alan Ladd. And for the tearjerkers, George Brent who wore a sports jacket consisting of shoulder pads and was abnormally sensitive to the ladies.

-Yeah? Never mind that last horseradish. Alan Ladd and Humphrey Bogart were film noir. After three nuclear wars, that sorta evil considered incredibly bush.

-That noir stuff still permeates me. I can't help it. Some prof at USC is starting a group, though. For clones in the movie industry.

-Well, anyway...hold on!...may be something after all. Jeanine's telepathing me about another screwing-a-robot film. Yeah! You get lustful with one and then--with a nod to the girls--actually fall in love. Hell of a plot!

-I'll take it!

-It's a boy robot.

-I go either way--due to the times.

-That's a start towards solving our big problem! You're a handsome young man in any age. That should always mean money!